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The Old Arm Chair

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THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand hands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would you know the spell—a mother sat there?
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live:
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide,
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt by that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped;
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled,
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now,
With quiv'ring breast and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nurs'd, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is a folly and deem we weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear,
My soul from my old arm chair.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us.
The woes and pains, the galling chains,
Which kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain we've broke again,
And tore each link asunder.

March to the battle field, &c.

Who for his country brave,
Who'd fly from the invader!
Who his base life to save,
Would traitor-like degrade her!
Our hallowed cause, our home and laws,
Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
Or die our rights maintaining.

March to the battle field, &c.

New Series, No. 6.



THE DEATH OF POOR BILL BROWN.

Ye gentlemen both great and small,
Gamekeepers, poachers, sportsmen, all,
Come listen to my simple clown,
I'll sing you the death of poor Bill Brown,
I'll sing you the death of poor Bill Brown.

One stormy night as you shall hear,
(It was in the season of the year,)
We went to the woods to catch a fat buck,
But ah! that night we had bad luck,
Bill Brown was shot and his dog was stuck.

When we got to the woods our sport begun,
I saw the gamekeeper present his gun,
I call'd on Bill to climb the gate,
To fetch the fat buck, but it was too late,
For there he met his untimely fate.

Then dying he lay upon the ground,
And in that state poor Bill I found;
And when he saw me he did cry,
"Revenge my death!" "I will," said I,
For many a hare we have caught hard by.

I know the man that shot Bill Brown,
I know him well, and could shed his clown,
And to describe it in my song,
Black jacket he had and red waistcoat on,
I know him well and they call him Tom.

I dressed myself up next night in time,
I got to the wood and the clock struck nine,
The reason was and I'll tell you why,
To find the gamekeeper I'll go try,
Who shot my friend, and he should die.

I ranged the wood all over and then
I look'd at my watch, and it was just ten;
I heard a footstep on the green,
I laid myself down for fear of being seen,
For I plainly saw that it was Tom Green.

Then I took my piece fast in my hand,
Resolved to fire if Tom did stand;
Tom heard the noise, and turned him round,
I fired and brought him to the ground,
My hand gave him his deep death wound.

Now revenge you see my hopes have crown'd
I've shot the man that shot Bill Brown;
Poor Bill no more these eyes will see,—
Farewell dear friend, farewell to ye,
For I've crown'd his hopes and his memory.